

The Notre Dame Scholastic

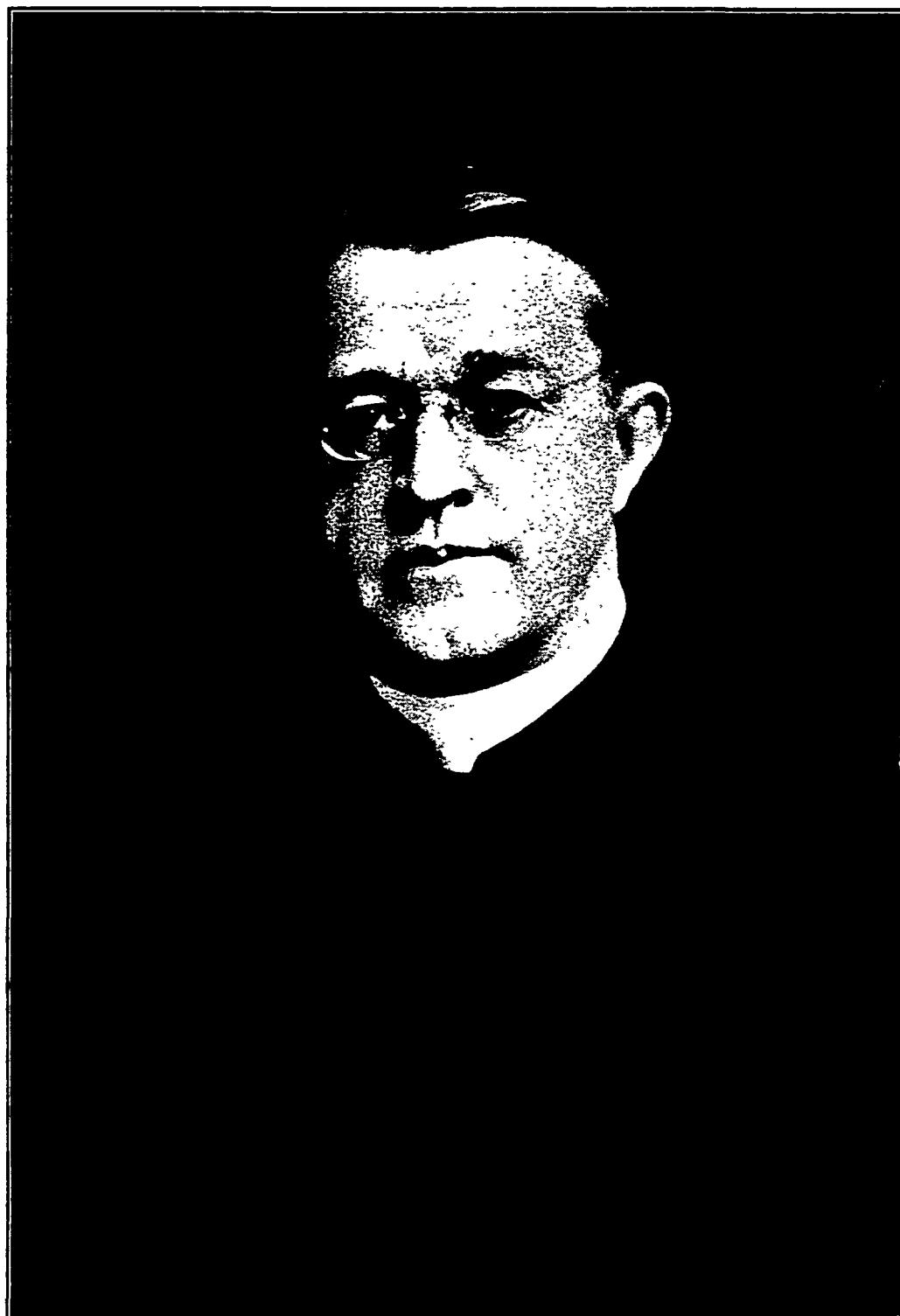
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VOL. XLI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 13, 1908.

No. 34.



The REVEREND GILBERT JENNINGS, of the Diocese of Cleveland,
Who will deliver Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 14.

Farewell.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

Neath the spacious and star-vaulted heavens, fair Queen,
 'Mid the realms of a deep azure blue,
 How thy beautiful dome, in its soft amber sheen,
 Plays its gold on a background of blue;
 Then, O fair Notre Dame, we will cherish thy name
 And the love of old N. D. U.
Alma Mater, farewell, may we ever excel
 To the pride of the GOLD and BLUE.

Dear abode we must leave when the dawn silvers grey,
 And already the sun hangs low.
 May the star of thy guidance illumine our way
 With its beautiful after-glow;
 Then, O fair Notre Dame, may we ever lay claim
 To the sonship of old N. D. U.
Alma Mater, farewell, how entrancing the spell
 Of the beautiful GOLD and BLUE.

Undivided we face to the golden-rimmed West,
 All our hopes twined about with thine own.
 Fairest Mother be with us, guide ever our quest
 Toward the land of the great unknown;
 Then, O fair Notre Dame, may our future earned
 fame
 Bear the stamp of old N. D. U.
Alma Mater, farewell, fondest memories dwell
 In the home of the GOLD and BLUE!

Burke and Webster.

IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE '09.



HE composite circumstance of time, locality and political situations, over which he has no control and which is never quite the same in any two cases, goes far toward shaping the orator's thoughts and molds, to an appreciable extent, his manner of expressing them. Because this is true, the futility of an attempt to weigh Burke, an Englishman of the eighteenth century, in the balance with Webster, an American of the nineteenth is apparent; it is not the purpose of this article. Every man possesses, however, in

spite of these determinants, one faculty which displays more effectively than does anything else, his individuality—that is the selection he makes of method and of figures, in which to garb his thoughts. Shorn of their delivery, orations lose much of this personality; but even when they lie before us in cold type, after the results for which they contended or the occasions they celebrated have long been erased from the catalogue of current events, we can still, within wide limitations, say that one speaker excels another in general qualities of style. Confining ourselves to these broad bounds, we will briefly discuss Burke and Webster.

Burke was primarily the man of precise expression. Like our American, Everett, he spent much time and tedious effort at chiseling and polishing his speeches into models so highly perfected that to-day we treasure them as the most finished specimens of oratorical literature in the language. Not so with Webster. The splendid rounding periods which flow so readily in three of his Congressional speeches, are rather spontaneous than any result of painstaking preparation or even premeditation of any kind. At those times he simply "thought in numbers and the numbers came." Artificial methods for the embellishment of Webster's ideas were, for the most part, unnecessary; it must not be inferred from this, however, that his speeches are rugged or halting in character—such is not the case. Webster never rewrote a speech before delivery. For Burke to have essayed a similar performance, or better still, for him to have attempted an impromptu reply to Hayne would have been perilous if not disastrous. Burke was the man of precision, the cultivated orator; Webster the natural one.

Despite the advantage Burke possessed in the habit of re-editing his speeches, Webster was apparently the more logical thinker of the two. He maintains a more orderly sequence of ideas and holds more consistently to a proper balance between his important thoughts and his care in the exposition of them. This fact argues, however, rather to Webster's superiority than it implies any lapse from a high standard on the part of Burke. Neither statesman held rigorously to formal oratorical canons,

and in at least one instance Webster disregards them entirely. Their transitions from one part of an oration to the next are very often so indistinctly marked as to make it doubtful just where they are made. Burke's "Conciliation Speech," in which we are able with good reason to choose either one of two places as the beginning of his peroration, and Webster's "Reply to Hayne," where our choice can lie with any one among three passages, are typical examples of this peculiarity. From such assiduous students of the ancient classics as Burke and Webster were, we have reason to expect a somewhat close adherence to the standard forms of Greek and Roman oratory; but in view of facts the mild iconoclasm displayed by both is of more than passing interest.

After form and polish we may properly consider what fund of knowledge, outside the subject-matter itself, each utilized in illuminating his theme. To this end it is, perhaps, better that we select one oration characteristic of Burke and another of Webster than that we discuss both men over the entire range of their prolific works. The "Speech on Conciliation" and the "Reply to Hayne" are probably most typical of the two orators, approach more nearly to common ground than do any of the others, and, therefore, will best serve our purpose.

It is agreed by many that Burke possessed a greater wealth of general information than any other statesman in the language. A comparison of the two orations we are considering bears this out at least in so far as the assertion applies to Webster. Both were deep students of the classics. But Burke makes the better display of his Latin; he recites eight lines from Horace, two from Juvenal and in English one from Milton. Webster on the other hand confines his use of Latin to technical expressions and apt phrases, which serve rather for clearness than for ornamentation. He quotes from memory, however, two lines from Macbeth and nine fragmentary passages from "Paradise Lost."

Both use prose quotation very sparingly; Webster leads in that regard as he does in the introduction of personification. From Burke's great memory storehouse we are given one hundred and fifteen allusions and

descriptions of events covering a wide range of general history: Webster uses eighty-six similar illustrations, with this difference, however, that in every case his reference is to some local or homely event or figure in Colonial times. It must be remembered that Webster was not a student of general history.

Quintilian says: "Brilliant figures of speech I reckon the eyes of eloquence; but I would not have the body all eyes." If Quintilian based his comparative estimate of orators largely on that characteristic, the American would have been his preference. Webster uses only about half the number of metaphors that Burke uses. His figures, on the other hand, are short, suggestive, clean-cut and of very frequent occurrence. Because of this aptitude of colored expression, Burke has not infrequently been ranked among the poets.

Ironical wit is a tool with the use of which all forensic orators must be proficient, and Webster was more adept than the majority of men. His edged sarcasm would cleave a course to his desired end almost as quickly as Burke's more apt ability to convince. Lord Wyndham once said that more sarcastic darts were hurled in the United States Senate in one session, while Webster was a member of that body, than were thought of in the whole British empire in a month. The assertion is, no doubt, somewhat broad, but it serves our purpose anyhow; there was some basis for it or it would not have been said. Now Burke was not a satirical speaker. By that I do not mean to imply that he entirely lacked so forceful an asset of the superior orator, for it would be untrue. What I do mean, though, is that he did not possess such great skill in using it as to be classed with Webster in that respect. Webster and Burke use satire in relative quantities of about three and one.

After all has been said, it yet remains that no sweeping conclusions can be reached regarding Burke and Webster. Circumstances peculiar to each so alter conditions that we can only hope to accomplish a general realization that each was superior in certain qualities in which both were great, and to learn in just what characteristics of style the one or the other excelled.

Loch Lomond.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

IN that part of sunny Scotland where the towers of Stirling rise,
Sending forth their flaunting banners to the regions of the skies;
Lies a lake renowned for beauty where the minstrel loves to roam,
While the silv'ry trout and salmon in its bosom find a home.

Largest of the lakes, and fairest, there beneath that Scottish sky
Is the one we call Loch Lomond, so bewitching to the eye;
For its many isles are smiling from the breaking of the day
Till the golden-tinted sunbeams on its wavelets cease to play.

Many rivulets do seek it, and how happily they glide To that place of wondrous beauty down along the mountain-side!
Thither, teaching us a lesson on our march to heaven's shore,
Flow those lovely little streamlets over rocks which they ignore.

Fair Loch Lomond! when about thee night its sable mantle throws
How beside thee in thy stillness I would love to take repose.
There to lay me down at even, free from earthly care and guile,
Till the day-god breaks our slumbers and thy waters on me smile.

Maurice Murray's Fight for Justice.

JOHN C. SULLIVAN, '11.

The afternoon session of the Circuit Court of one of the large cities of the Mississippi Valley had just adjourned after a busy and tiresome day. The case being heard was "McGraw vs. International Hardware Company." The defendant, a widow about sixty-five, came to this country from the Emerald Isle when very young to seek her fortune in the land of opportunities. Her husband died some ten years previous and her children were scattered throughout the country. The plaintiff was the largest hardware concern in that section of the country,

being a branch of a large eastern corporation which had a monopoly on the hardware business of the country. Thus the case was one of unusual interest, an interest which grew keener as the trial progressed.

The controversy concerned a plot of land in the heart of the manufacturing district of the city. The corporation needed the land, but Mrs. McGraw refused to sell on the terms offered by the proposed buyers, so naturally the case drifted into court. As is usual with corporations when rightly managed, the greatest care was taken in the preparation of the case. The most prominent lawyers in the state were engaged to represent its interests, chief among whom was a man about fifty, possessing a state wide reputation. Opposed to this brilliant array of legal talent was a quiet, unassuming, modest young man in the early thirties. He was the product of a well-known eastern law school, and had been practising some ten years. While he was very successful in his own small way, he never won a case of any great importance, simply because his youthful appearance did not give him the opportunity of securing very important cases. This was his first chance and he resolved to make the most of it.

Maurice Murray—this was the young man's name—fully realized what it meant to him, a young, obscure, yet promising lawyer, to win out against such a man as Thompson, the leader of the opposition, a man whose fame was state wide as being the ablest, most resourceful and shrewdest lawyer in his section of the country.

To begin with, Murray, the champion of Mrs. McGraw's cause, had considerable sympathy on his side. The picture of a widow of sixty-five whose sole possession, a piece of ground on which her future welfare, in fact her very existence, depended, being forced to sell at a ridiculously low price by a money worshipping corporation, whose wealth amounted to millions, was in itself enough to arouse no little interest. It was a battle of poverty against riches, and the sympathies from the start to the finish was with the aged Mrs. McGraw. On the other side was a corporation, a branch of a huge eastern concern, whose offices and distributing points were scattered in every section of the country, possessing

as it did a virtual monopoly of the hardware business of the United States. It was the battle of a woman in the declining years of life against a corporation with a paid up capital of many millions. Thus the case was a rather singular one if for no other reason than this.

Representing this doughty daughter of Erin was Maurice Murray, young, brilliant, tactful and persevering. Arrayed against him was Sidney Thompson, reputed to be the ablest lawyer in the state, a man of wide legal experience, possessed with a knack of winning cases.

The case had now progressed until it was about ready for the jury. Murray had everything to gain if successful, Thompson considerable to lose. Murray had the chance of a lifetime, Thompson an excellent opportunity to fortify his legal position. The excellent, almost superb, showing which the youthful attorney was making against his adversary attracted no little attention. The mighty Thompson had met a foe worthy of his steel. All the great city was asking: who is Murray? One by one fatal admissions were wrenched from the opposition by the keen-witted Murray until it was dubious as to what would be the result.

Finally the time came for presenting the case to the jury. Thompson's speech was dignified, cool, concise, and characterized by a simplicity which worked greatly to his advantage with the men in the jury box. Murray, the lawyer fighting for a principle, not a fee, closed his case with a speech which proved to be a master stroke. The arguments advanced by Thompson, powerful by themselves, gradually lost their effectiveness under his calm and relentless logic. Inch by inch, step by step, the power of the opposition wavered. At last when the youthful attorney had finished, no one in the large court-room looked for any other verdict than one favorable to his client, the aged property owner. The judge delivered his final charge to the jury, which then withdrew to begin its deliberations. Some hours passed. No word was heard from the men who sat in judgment. Murray grew somewhat uneasy at the hesitation with which the jury acted, and at times seemed fearful lest an adverse decision might be given. But his client never once wavered in

her firm belief that he had won his case.

Finally the jury sent word that a verdict had been reached; the judge was hurriedly sent for, and the jurymen filed into court. The next few moments were moments of anxious suspense for the lawyer. Time seemed to drag as it never did before. Seconds seemed like hours as his clouded imagination saw the future that arose before him in case he was successful. Thoughts of the name and reputation he would secure should he triumph over the eminent attorney for the plaintiff passed through his mind with lightning-like rapidity. In short he found himself just before the foreman announced the verdict in a state of the greatest mental excitement. The thought of what he had at stake and of the brilliant future which awaited him dazed him for the moment, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he presented a calm outward composure.

At last the moment came, the greatest moment in his young life, when the foreman arose and announced a verdict favorable to his client, commanding the Hardware Trust, whose influence and tremendous power throughout the entire country was unquestionable, to pay a just price to the defenceless old woman, who through their trickery they had sought to rob. The morning papers told in detail of the case of McGraw vs. International Hardware Company, dwelling upon the magnificent fight for justice fought by Maurice Murray, reviewing the struggle in detail between the aged woman fighting single-handed, against an octopus of unlimited power, drawing a beautiful, pathetic, yet touching picture of the triumph of right and justice over might and greed, showing conclusively that right and justice is, was, and always shall be, mightier, stronger, and more formidable than the hosts who strive for gain and greed.

The Better Way.

T. A. LAHEY, '11

To counsel sinners is to set them free
And merit love;
To live for others is to die in Thee
And reign above.

The Message.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

Jules Ribeau, special secret-service man, in the employ of the French Bureau of foreign affairs at Paris sat lazily on his chair in the ante-room which led to the office of the chief of Secret Service. Suddenly a bell buzzed on the table before him. He arose quickly, straightened out his trousers and opened the door at his left. He entered quietly, and the sharp military voice of the chief bade him be seated. "Jules," he said, "word has been received from our agents in England that certain messages of great importance have been intercepted in transit by the spies of the English government. This," said the chief, handing Jules a small piece of tissue on which was written some sentences in a secret code, "is a highly important dispatch which must be delivered to our ambassador in England within two days."

Ribeau without further ado took the message, tore a small hole in the lining of his shoe and shoved it in. Then the chief handed him another message, large and bulky, with the government seal stamped prominently upon it. This was to be used, however, for other means than to convey government secrets. The chief then handed him twenty-five thousand francs in notes for traveling expenses, and these he distributed over his person. As he was leaving the office, the chief said to him quietly: "Take good care of yourself, Jules; be on your guard, for you will be watched by English spies from the very moment you leave this office. In fact, I have my doubts of the success of your journey."

Ribeau stepped out of the office and into a waiting cab. As he did so, he noticed a man standing a short distance down the street, step quickly into a large automobile and come toward him. Jules motioned the driver to proceed in haste to the railway station. He had not proceeded more than a couple of squares when he felt a shock and the cab was knocked into kindling wood by the auto. Ribeau extricated himself uninjured from the débris, thrust a five hundred franc note into the hand of the cabman and hurriedly proceeded on foot

to the station. He entered the train for Calais and noticed a small stooped man enter the carriage and sit beside him. Before he realized it the man shouted:

"You're a thief; you have stolen my watch," and plunging his hand into Jules' coat pulled out a watch and chain and held them up to the gaze of the guard. A gendarme attracted by the commotion stepped up and placed Ribeau under arrest. Ribeau yielded, but as he moved away he handed the officer a thousand francs, showed him his star, and had just time enough left to jump into the last compartment of the departing train. His ride to Calais was an uneventful one. When he stepped off the train he mingled with the crowd and was pushed and jostled about. Three men edged around him, and before he could realize it one of them had cut a slit in his coat and had extracted the large message. Ribeau escaped from the crowd and felt relieved. He hastened to board the ship and went immediately to his state-room. The passage across the channel was a very stormy one. A short time out, Ribeau was attacked by a severe headache. Calling the steward, he ordered a glass of bromoseltzer. The waiter, a small man of about forty years with hair slightly gray, brought it in and remained standing at the door. Ribeau drank a portion of it, but it seemed to have a most peculiar taste. He felt himself grow very languid and drowsy.

The waiter believing him asleep, advanced and rapidly began to unlace his shoe. Ribeau, discovering the ruse, dismissed him. The remainder of the journey was uneventful. On reaching port he telegraphed the Embassy at London to have a representative meet him about twenty miles from the city. He boarded the express and at an obscure little station outside London the train slowed down. A dark-eyed man with a sharp-pointed beard, stepped into the car and seated himself beside Ribeau. Opening a copy of a late French novel he commenced to read. Ribeau, unnoticed by the other passengers, removed his shoe and taking out the precious slip of paper slipped it into the pocket of the newcomer.

Ribeau's work was accomplished and he took the first train back to Paris with a much lighter mind.

The Future.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

THE future is a distant realm
 That none have ever yet explored;
 'Tis ours to scale its mystic walls
 And seek its treasures safely stored.

What lies within those noble walls?
 What stretches out on every side?
 A life of opportunities,
 Advantages as yet untried.

To-day is but a passing hour,
 A little gleam of what's to be;
 And when it goes, it ushers in
 That much-deserved futurity.

On the Streets of London.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

Cold, tired and weary, he sank upon a doorstep, his pale little face bathed in tears. Past him flowed the ceaseless tide of humanity with not one friend among them, not one familiar face to greet him; he was lost in the heart of London.

As he sat there he pictured himself wandering about the streets, cold and hungry, until, unable to go further, he sought rest in a quiet corner, to remain there until picked up the next morning, a frozen corpse. He wondered what his mother would say when his body was taken to her; would she be sorry and cry over it? Then a strange foreboding came over him; what would happen when she learned of his disappearance? Would she come and search for him as did the mother of the boy in the story he had read only that morning? The picture of that mother dawned vividly upon him, how deep had been her anguish as she hastened up and down the streets looking for her lost boy. He saw her as trying to cross the street she was struck by a car and knocked senseless to the pavement.

At that moment he was roughly aroused by a tall policeman and ordered to move on. As he hastened down the street he looked to right and left for some familiar sign. Glancing to the opposite side he saw a woman speaking excitedly to a policeman;

he looked closer—it was his mother. Filled with joy he started to meet her, but she had seen him first, and was already half way across. Suddenly he was overcome with horror: behind her a fire-engine came tearing down the street. He tried to warn her, but could not; nearer and nearer it came. Unconscious of her awful peril, thinking only of her lost boy, she hastened on, unheeding the warning cry of the people around her. Now she saw her danger, but it was too late. With a cry of anguish the lad sprang forward to her. There was a crash, a sound of hurrying feet, and then darkness.

The next thing he remembered was his mother bending over him with tears streaming down her cheeks while a large crowd encircled her. He tried to speak, to ask her if she were hurt, but the words would not form, he was too weak. But the fond mother divined his question and answered it. "My brave little boy, you saved my life by pushing me from before the engine. You have made yourself a hero to-day."

A Rose of Yesterday.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

WHEN now I think of her who died when cold winds
 blew from north,
 The fair young maid who knew so well life's duty
 and its worth,
 Who loved with all the strength of bright and true
 young womanhood;
 Loved God in holy innocence, whose life was fair
 and good:
 When thoughts of her last days come back my eyes
 are filled with tears
 A rose was she that bloomed with beauteous proof
 of golden years.
 All loved that knew her heart, e'er filled with holy
 thoughts and prayer;
 She cast a ray of light on things of earth and made
 them fair.
 Her life, sang sweet of peace, was sinless, spotless,
 pure, but brief,
 Was firm in right amid the city's din and grime
 and grief.
 But fair it was that she should leave this base, low
 world of night
 To wander forth to realms of joy, to lands of endless
 light;
 And meet it was that she should lie beneath the pure
 white snow
 Like to her soul, which sin and shame and sorrow
 did not know.

The Nothingness of Fame.

FRANCIS DERRICK, '08.

"Didn't you think that was a fine paper of Mrs. Doolittle's?"

"Yes, fine; but I liked Miss Summers' better. Her subject was so much nobler, you know. I tell you, if this club means to attain any real culture we must raise the standard of the essays."

"Well, we are on for Tuesday week. We have a chance to make a start in the right direction. What subject have you taken?"

"I? Why, I have decided to write on 'Sociological Conditions in the Congo.' That is a nice broad subject, and gives free field for your imagination, you know."

"Yes, and for that reason I have taken Browning's Conception of the Fourth Dimension."

The Ladies' Improvement Club of Slagpit, Pa., had just had an interesting session. Two papers had been read and commented upon favorably. The ladies were much interested. They had wanted an occasion to improve themselves so long, and now it seemed that their club was going to do all they had desired. Mrs. Cantwright and Mrs. Newrich were offering the concluding remarks to the world as they slowly proceeded homeward on a summer afternoon.

At the corner of the street they met Miss Reiter who bowed. They nodded and passed on, supremely unconscious of Miss Reiter's abilities. She was merely a contributor to a few cheap journals, the editors of which thought she could write but were deceived.

"Why," said Mrs. Cantwright, "I read some of her stuff in a New York paper that I'd be ashamed to sign my name to."

Miss Reiter was poor but confident in her power to write English. When the Slagpit Ladies' Improvement Club organized she politely refused to join it. Such an action naturally threw her out of favor with the seekers after improvement, who wanted her badly. Calumnious tongues were raised against her, and certain words of one Mr. Joseph Ash, a rich bachelor, were put into her mouth, to the effect that the ladies of Slagpit needed improvement all right, and a club was perhaps the right instrument. Mr.

Ash didn't care much for women, but they were perpetually laying traps to entangle him and his money in a matrimonial net. Clearly Miss Reiter was very unpopular with the ladies of the club. They discussed her at, before and after every meeting with the unanimous and sure decision that she was a conceited hussy.

Mrs. Newrich and Mrs. Cantwright were far from confident in being able to produce papers upon their chosen subjects, though neither of them would admit it to the other. It was therefore with considerable relief that they both spied in the *New York Sun* an advertisement offering to do "any sort of literary composition at a small cost." Each wrote, unknown to the other, and in a week's time received a manuscript dealing respectively with Sociology and Browning.

The day after the receipt of her essay Mrs. Cantwright called upon Miss Reiter with an invitation to the Ladies' Improvement Club meeting the following Tuesday. Strange to say, Miss Reiter accepted it graciously. Hardly was the visitor out of sight when a second ring announced Mrs. Newrich's arrival.

"How do you do, Miss Reiter," began Mrs. Newrich. "I called merely to ask if you would like to attend our meeting next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Cantwright and I will read papers which I'm sure you'll enjoy."

"I shall be very glad," murmured Miss Reiter.

Next Tuesday afternoon the club members were vying with each other to express the most beautiful sentiments regarding the two essays. "Perfectly lovely," and "marvelous," and "carefully developed" were heard on all sides. In a far corner the two aspirants to literary fame were asking Miss Reiter's opinion. She opened her purse, took out a little advertisement from a New York paper, and quietly remarked, "Yes, they were very good. I know, for I wrote them myself."

Kind Words.

Think not the gentle words are lost
We kindly tender those in grief:
For though to us they nothing cost,
To others they afford relief. T. HAGERTY.

The 'Bus Ride.

W. A. CAREY, '11.

A loud clap of thunder burst over the head of Jim Walton as he stood looking at the small, box-like station on which hung a signboard which told the stranger that this was Neshota. It was one of the stations for the Lakeside summer resorts.

"Surely," said Jim to himself, "I must have taken the wrong car from Lincoln Crossings."

So he started down the road carrying a very heavy suit-case. He had arranged with some friends to meet him at the station, but evidently this was the wrong place. He had not gone far when he met a small, quite smart-looking country chap.

"Are you acquainted around here?" asked Jim, coming up to the lad.

"I ought to be," replied the boy, "for I've lived around here all my life."

"That's not answering my question," said Jim. "Are you acquainted around here?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Then, how far is it to the Lakeside resorts?" queried Jim.

"Oh! if you're going to Lakeside resorts, then take this next east-bound car to the crossings, and you can take the northern road from there, and get to Lakeside in three-quarters of an hour, and all for fifty cents," answered the boy.

"For heaven's sake talk sense, answered the stranger. Will you please be so kind as to tell me how far it is to the Lakeside resorts?" angrily responded Jim.

"Well, from the 'two-mile house,' which is about a mile and a half down the road, it is about fifteen minutes ride in the 'bus,'" replied the lad.

"That's more like it," replied Jim. "Good day." As he turned down the road, he heard the lad chuckle and feared that he might have been misinformed.

However, he walked rapidly, now switching his heavy suit-case to the right and now to the left arm. He feared the approaching storm. When he had walked about a mile, he grew anxious about the "two-mile house," and considered that he should have to wait for the 'bus. So he

asked a farmer who was working in a field near by. It was pleasant news for him to hear that it was just behind a clump of trees a little farther on.

When he had gone a short way he came to a dingy, old, broken-down house. This was the "two-mile house." Some children were playing near by, and when he asked them where he might catch the 'bus for Lakeside they were frightened, for some had never heard of a 'bus and the others never saw one. They knew nothing about 'buses, but they could tell him about the "two-mile house." When he asked them why it was so called, they told him that it was because it was exactly half the distance between the old mill and the iron bridge which were just four miles apart. Grabbing up his suit-case he began to retrace his steps.

He had gone only a short distance when it began to pour. He stopped and looked at his watch. It was quite late. He must not stop, for then he might not be able to find his way back to the station. So on he hastened through the rain and mud, and in his rage he did something else than bless the lad who dared to lie to him. He was becoming more and more enraged as he went, till the sight of the little station cheered him somewhat. When he reached the station the rain was about over and the car was in sight. He could not bear the thought of being so misled by the "lying little scamp" as he called him. But when the car stopped, the first and only one whom he saw was his young friend. Their words were brief.

"How dared you lie to a stranger?" angrily growled Jim, as he collared the little chap.

"Sir, I told you no lies," was his cool answer.

"Did you not tell me that I could go from the 'two-mile house' to Lakeside resorts in fifteen minutes by 'bus?'" continued Jim.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad. "But you got too smart and sassy before I got a chance to tell you that the 'bus ain't running any more. It's fifteen years since the 'bus ran, and then it made the trip in fifteen minutes. It never pays to be sassy, even when you're looking for information, does it?"

"I guess not," replied Jim as he mounted the moving car.

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Following is the program of the Commencement exercises:

SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1908

8:00 a. m. Solemn High Mass
The Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C.,
Vice-President of the University, Celebrant.
Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Gilbert Jennings
Pastor of St. Agnes' Church, Cleveland, Ohio
Monday and Tuesday, Examinations in the Colleges

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1908

10:00 a. m. Meeting of Alumni, Washington Hall
12:00 m. Alumni Dinner in Brownson Refectory
2:30 p. m. Baseball Game—Alumni vs. Varsity
6:00 p. m. Supper in Brownson Refectory
6:30 p. m. Band Concert, University Lawn
7:30 p. m. Exercises in Washington Hall
Selection.....University Orchestra
"Praise ye the Lord".....Gounod
Glee Club

COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS—THE CHURCH THE SAVIOR OF SOCIETY

"The day is not far distant when we shall have a greater crisis in this country than any we have yet passed through: and in that hour the flag must rely on its staunch friends; and, among them, in my opinion, our greatest protectors will be the Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church. I will go further: the best friend and protector of the people will be the Roman Catholic Church, always conservative and fair and loyal. That is the power I look to to save the nation."—Late Senator Hanna.

I.—Oration.....	The Church and Respect for Law George William Sprenger, Law (Illinois)
Violin Solo.....	Selected Louis John Carey, Bachelor of Letters, 1904
II.—Oration.....	The Church and Business Integrity Jacob Philip Young, B. S. Biol. (Indiana)
"Star of Descending Night".....	Emerson Double Quartette
III.—Oration.....	The Church and the Family Joseph Justin Boyle, Bachelor of Letters (Iowa)
"Queen of the West, Notre Dame".....	Selected Glee Club
Baccalaureate Oration by the Hon. Charles P. Neill A. M., '93, United States Commissioner of Labor	

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 8 A. M.

"Home, Sweet Home".....	Quartette
Class Poem.....	Francis T. Maher (Indiana)
Valedictory.....	Francis A. Zink (Ohio)
Conferring of Degrees	Awarding of Honors

Archbishop Christie's Visit.

During the early part of the week we were honored by the presence of Archbishop Christie, Portland, Oregon, who spent two days at the University. He was accompanied by Father Lane.

The Alumni Directory.

Next Tuesday evening the first Directory of the Alumni of the University will come from the press. It is taken for granted that errors will be found in many places, but it is hoped that all who obtain a copy will notify the officers of the University of such corrections as are to be made.

Preparatory Oratorical Contest.

The oratorical contest for students in the preparatory course was held in Washington Hall Thursday, June 4th. Six contestants participated in the programme, the judges being Father Quinlan, Mr. W. O'Donnell and Dr. M. Brown. The contest resulted as follows, the speakers being arranged in the order of merit determined by the Judges: C. J. Flynn, "The Attainment of American Independence;" W. I. Zink, "The Divorce Question;" J. B. Fruechtl, "National Unity;" H. W. McAleenan, "Child Labor;" L. B. Coppinger, "Prohibition;" R. E. Skelly, "Universal Peace."

The Junior Oratorical Contest.

The prize contest in oratory open to members of the Junior Class was held in Washington Hall last Saturday afternoon, Father Heiser, Father MacNamara and Mr. Wilbur being the judges. The contest was closely contested, Messrs. Collentine, Carville and Cleary each receiving a vote for first place, and Fox tieing with Cleary in total number of points; the same thing happened in the case of Schmid and Carville. The following is the final rank determined by the marks of the judges, the contestants being named in the order of preference: R. J. Collentine, "The Realization of an International Ideal;" E. P. Carville, "The Social Spirit of America;" O. A. Schmid, "The

Sophomore Oratorical Contest.

It took two contests and two sets of judges to determine who should get the prize in the Sophomore Oratorical Contest which was scheduled for Friday, June 5th. In the afternoon contest there was a tie among three of the speakers, necessitating an additional contest in the evening. The judges for the first contest were Father Quinlan, Father Heiser and Mr. R. Wilbur; the judges for the evening session were Dr. M. Brown, Mr. F. McKinley and Mr. J. Tanner. The final decision of the judges ranked the contestants in the following order: G. J. Finnigan, "Saul of Tarsus;" M. A. Mathis, "The Principles of the German Centre Party;" P. J. Haggerty, "Chris-



ST. JOSEPH HALL PREPARATORY DEBATING TEAM
INTER-HALL CHAMPIONS, 1907-'08.

Evolution of Labor;" J. M. Fox, "The Viability of the Constitution;" E. P. Cleary, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" M. J. Kelly, "Let Us Alone."

tianity and Industrial Peace;" J. H. Roth, "Money Kings and Morality;" J. J. O'Brien, "The Panic and its Remedy;" Denis A. Morrison, "A Modified Hamiltonian Democracy;" M. L. Moriarty, "A Larger Navy."

Our Preparatory Debating Team.

This week we have the pleasure of presenting a picture of the winners of the inter-hall championship in debate in the preparatory department of the University. The team is composed of Messrs. William I. Zink, Albert A. Hilkert and John B. Fruechtl. In addition to the victory achieved in the interhall series of debates these gentleman were victorious by a unanimous decision in a contest with the High School at New Carlisle, April 10.

Dr. Monaghan's Lecture on Oratory.

A week ago yesterday Doctor Monaghan closed the program of public lectures which the University has presented during the present year. The subject was "Oratory." The distinguished speaker pointed out some of the differences existing between the ancient and modern tendencies in public speaking and designated in particular the characteristics of that style of oratory which prevails in political campaign speeches.

A Week of Athletic Functions.

Athletic Notes.

The past week was signalized not only by the final examinations for degrees, but also by the fact that the Varsity Athletic teams gathered about the festive board for their annual banquets and the election of captains for '09.

Sunday night Curtis and his band of champions were the guests of honor at a banquet given at the Oliver by Max Adler in appreciation of the season's work. The occasion was a most enjoyable one and the friendly generosity of Mr. Adler will not soon be forgotten.

The basket-ball team held forth at the Oliver Monday night, and after enjoying the sumptuous menu, unanimously re-elected R. Scanlon as captain for next year. The honor comes in recognition of his splendid work last year and is richly deserved. Scanlon plays guard, and his generalship and playing contributed much to the success which attended the team the past season. Monograms were also awarded to Scanlon, Dubuc, Burke, Moloney and Wood. All the men expect to return next year, and with the experience gained this season they ought to be numbered among the best in the West.

William Schmitt was elected captain of the '09 Varsity track team at the banquet Tuesday evening, at which time monograms for track were awarded to Keach, Wood, Moriarty, Scales, Cripe, Devine, McDonough, Dana, Roach, Daniels, Roth, Schmitt and O'Leary. Schmitt's strong points are the hurdles and quarter-mile and he will make an able leader for the Gold and Blue.

Wednesday evening the Varsity teams were entertained by the students of Sorin Hall at a reception and smoker given in Sorin "rec" room. A musical and literary program contributed much to the enjoyment of the occasion which was largely the result of the untiring efforts of Fay Wood, manager of the Sorin baseball team. A notable feature of the evening was the formal presentation to the Sorin team of the banner won in the inter-hall series.

The Varsity diamond stars are to hold, at the Oliver this evening, their annual banquet at which monograms for the season will be awarded and a captain chosen for next year.

On June 4 the Varsity defeated Wabash by the overwhelming score of 18 to 2. "Dreamy" Scanlon was on the hill for Notre Dame, and allowed the Little Giants six scattered hits, while the men behind him connected for 14 safe wallops. The game settled forever the state championship for this year, and gives Notre Dame a clear title to it. The only regret we have over the state race this year, is the fact that Purdue saw fit to remain off our schedule.

Dobbins, who did the twirling for Wabash was relieved by Irwin in the eighth after nine men had made the trip around him. Captain Brogan suffered a severe injury to his hand during the game and was compelled to retire. The injury was a split in his hand between the third and fourth finger, but at present he is doing nicely.

Notre Dame.....	R	H	P	A	E
Bonham, lf-2b.....	2	1	0	0	0
McDonough, cf	0	0	1	0	0
Brogan, 3b.....	1	1	1	2	0
Daniels, 1b.....	3	2	7	1	2
Cutshaw, 2b-ss.....	3	3	0	1	0
Dubuc, cf.....	2	1	2	0	0
Centlivre, rf.....	1	1	1	1	0
R. Scanlon, c.....	1	0	10	1	2
F. Scanlon, p.....	2	1	0	2	0
Ruell, ss-3b	3	4	3	5	0
 Totals.....	 18	 14	 24	 13	 4
 Wabash.....	 R	 H	 P	 A	 E
Diddle, ss	0	0	1	5	1
Lambert, 2b.....	0	0	2	2	1
Starbuck, cf.....	0	0	2	1	1
Sheller, 1b.....	0	0	14	0	1
Bridge, rf.....	1	1	2	0	1
Schaffer, lf.....	1	1	1	1	2
Bowers, c.....	0	2	3	2	1
Faunce, 3b.....	0	2	1	4	0
Dobbins, p.....	0	0	1	3	0
Irwin, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
 Totals.....	 2	 6	 27	 18	 8

Two base hits—Ruell, Bridge, Bowers. Home runs—Cutshaw. Struck out—By Dobbins, 2; by Irwin, 1; by Scanlon, 9. Bases on balls—Off Dobbins, 1; off Irwin, — off Scanlon, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Bonham, Daniels, Balk, Dobbins. Umpire—Tindell.

As Seen at Crawfordsville.

"Before one of the largest crowds that has assembled on Ingall's Field this season, a bunch of ball players from Notre Dame

gave the Wabash team the trimming of a lifetime. It isn't right to take the affair too seriously, nor is it possible to let it go by unnoticed, yet at all events there was some genuine excitement attached to the game. Even in that bloody eighth inning when the Scarlet balloon soared higher and higher, there was a very pronounced interest in the slaughter of Coach Jones' protégés. People wondered if the ascension would result in an air-ship ride, and the way those wild Irish rounded third in a perfect stampede—well, that's probably enough on that inning.

"Bridge, Shaffer, Bowers and Faunce, each took a liking to Scanlon's curves in the last of the seventh, and the first two scored, but right there the fireworks stopped. The visitors had figured on winning by a score something like ten to nothing when Bridge went around the circuit. This just stirred the Irish blood. Shaffer's run sealed the fate of the Scarlet, and then the Notre Dame bunch held a session right on the athletic field with no apologies either.

"There was a lot of hard luck and poor fielding on the part of the locals and the Catholics certainly felt like slugging the ball. There isn't much to explain. "Dobbie" was hardly in form, and the rest of the outfit was decidedly out. If you, gentle reader, did not see the game, you're lucky."—*The Bachelor.*

Although our baseball team has not been conceded by the Chicago papers to have won the Western Championship, or in fact any other championship, we nevertheless claim that Notre Dame has the best college baseball team in the country this year. Our title to state honors no one questions, and our record of 19 games won and one lost speaks for itself. We played every team in the West that would get on our schedule, and we did the same in the East. The one game which we lost was on the eastern trip to Vermont, and from all accounts good baseball was not the only thing that resulted in our defeat at the hands of Vermont. The best in the East, Williams, Georgetown and Fordham, went down to defeat before our team, as did Syracuse, Dartmouth and Boston College.

The team was without question the best

Notre Dame ever had, and the season's averages prove that the team was as good as the most ardent fan believes it to be. A team consisting of 6 men who hit over the 300 mark and 10 men who fielded over 900 is all the evidence that anyone needs when it is remembered that the teams met were the best in the country.

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At the banquet for the basket-ball men held on Monday night Ray Scanlon was elected captain for next year. But five men were awarded monograms—Scanlon, Wood, Moloney, Burke and Dubuc.

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"Bill" Schmitt was elected captain of the track team at their banquet Tuesday night. The men to receive monograms were: Keach, Moriarty, McDonough, Dana, Roach, Wood, Scales, Roth, Devine, O'Leary, Schmitt, Cripe and Daniels.

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Inter-Hall Athletics.

The inter-hall baseball league has just completed a successful season with the Sorin Hall team occupying the top berth of the percentage column, with the splendid record of winning all but one game. The Corby aggregation had the pleasure of breaking the winning streak of the league leaders by giving them a coat of kalsomine to the dressing of 4 to 0. When the gong rang, which announced the close of the league series, Corby and Brownson were tie for second place, with the St. Joe team bringing up the rear.

Nearly all of the games were closely contested, and although the leaders lost but one game, nevertheless they did not have a walk away, but had to fight hard for every victory.

On Monday, May 25, a novelty baseball field meet was held in Cartier Field under the auspices of the Interhall Baseball Association. Seventeen events were pulled off, and the Sorin team succeeded in winning the largest number of points. Valuable prizes were given the winners of the various events. Corby, St. Joe and Brownson won second, third and fourth places respectively in the meet.

The officers of the league are: Fay Wood,

Sorin, president; James Kenefic, Brownson, vice-president; James E. Deery, Corby, secretary; and Wm. Schmitt, St. Joe, treasurer.

At the close of the season the teams stood as follows:

	played	Won	per cent
Sorin	7	6	.858
Corby	4	8	.500
Brownson	8	4	.500
St. Joe	5	0	.000

To an Old Varsity.

THE years have not been many,
But the days were crowded so
With surging and receding
Of life's constant ebb and flow;
Experience has doubled
On the circuit of my years.
Till remoter than a farther time
The recent past appears:
Fair days that memory hallows
When the evening lights burn low,
Days of Gibson and O'Neill seem long ago.

And fancy paints a picture
Of the frequent hard-fought field,
With a baseball team whose spirit
Never to defeat would yield.
There was Morgan, Lynch and Daly,
With McDonald on first base,
Farley, Fleming and Cap. "Dunny,"
Memory greets each strong, tanned face.
But the stars of that fine company,
The big thing of all the show,
Were my "Gibby" and my "Peaches" long ago.

Was there ever such a battery.
Full of ginger, juice or pep!
Whichever name you give it,
Still these men will hold their rep.
The years may come and vanish,
Each with its "fighting team,"
And the loyal N. D. rooter
Of a better will not dream.
And the pitchers and the catchers
To all will seem, I know,
As my "Gibby" and my "Peaches" long ago.

So there's comfort in the knowledge
That a time we hold so dear,
Though gone, is still remembered
As a laureled, glorious year.
Old team for which I shouted,
You are type of what may be
For every team that struggles
As you did for old N. D.
Remembered, praised and cherished,
Your names will ever glow—
O my Gibson and O'Neill of long ago!

The Senior Law Banquet.

In keeping with well-established custom, the embryo lawyers of the University gathered last Monday evening at the Oliver Hotel to participate in all the good things signified by the magic word banquet. Without doubt, the affair was the most elaborate of its kind. The guests of the occasion were Professor William Hoynes and Professor Sherman Steele.

Besides the palatable things presented in the menu there was a program of toasts as follows:

Toastmaster.....	Leroy J. Keach
Our Dean.....	Robert L. Bracken
The Class.....	John F. Brogan
The Law.....	Clarence W. May
The Future.....	Frank E. Munson
Response.....	Col. William Hoynes

Impromptu Remarks

The senior law class has the following membership: Robert L. Bracken, John F. Brogan, Henry A. Curtis, Howard C. Davis, Rupert D. Donovan, Maximilian J. Jurschek, Leroy J. Keach, Clarence W. May, Palmer H. McIntyre, Frank E. Munson, George W. Sprenger.

The Ex-Philopatrian Dinner.

On Tuesday evening the Ex-Philopatrian Society of this year was formally dissolved. The occasion was the final dinner at Haney's, after which the election of officers for the next year took place. Haney's has always stood for perfection in meals in the eyes of every Ex-Philopatrian. But the dinner Tuesday night completely outclassed any of the former ones, and came as so great a surprise and revelation that even Paine was at a loss for words to adequately describe it. The following officers were elected, after which Mr. Roan acted as toastmaster for a delightful program. Mr. Sorg, president; Mr. Shenk, vice-president; Mr. McAleenan, secretary; Mr. Roan, treasurer; Mr. O'Brien sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. O'Byrne responded to the toast "Our Girls." Mr. Sorg responded to the toast "Our Society." Mr. Shenk's toast on "What an Ex-Philopatrian stands for" was an extremely clever hit at several

members of the society, and certainly merited the applause it received. Mr. Roan closed with the toast "Our Director" which was received standing. And grateful and tender as his toast was, we all felt that nothing too good could be said. And in after years, when thinking of all the little troubles and hardships which of necessity must enter into college life, the recollection of the genial, happy face of Bro. Cyprian will surely dispel all other thoughts and call to mind only the pleasantest days at Notre Dame, spent in the Ex-Philopatrian Society.

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Personals.

—The Rev. J. C. Hughes, Portland, Oregon, was a welcome visitor at the University for a few hours last Monday.

—Dr. James F. Lee, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., visited the University on his return from the Physicians' Convention which was held in Chicago last week.

—Mr. R. Wilbur, a recent convert to the Church and formerly prominent among the clergy of the Episcopal persuasion, is at present the guest of the University.

—The Reverend John MacNamara, a former graduate of the University, is spending a few days within the shadow of the golden dome. He will remain here for the reorganization of the alumni association.

—Robert Hanley (Ph. B. '03) visited the University last week and will return again for Commencement. Rob has the right spirit of the N. D. graduate, and finds pleasure in renewing the friendships formed here in the good old times.

—Ray Conlon, who attended the University from '03 to '05 and completed his studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was a welcome visitor during the early part of the week. During the past year he has been a member of the faculty of the eastern institution.

—There were many familiar faces among the visitors from Fort Wayne last Sunday. Some of the excursionists were alumni of the University. Messrs. Fox, Haley and Hogan were among those who made the trip and found time to renew old friendships;

also E. M. Baltes, who was in Carroll Hall twenty years ago. He is now head of a large firm dealing in building material.

—Frank Sweeney of Spokane, who was a student at the University for several years, returned for a brief visit a week ago. He is now connected with the leading bank in his home city. Frank's brother Robert, who was a member of the '03 class, will be with us for reunion day, June 17.

—Mr. Walter Le Roy Joyce, one of last year's graduates in law, spent a few days this week visiting his old friends at Notre Dame who were all glad to see him. Mr. Joyce has been studying law during the past year at Columbia University. He is now returning to his home in Ashland, Wisconsin.

—In a letter recently received at the University, Dr. J. B. Murphy, the eminent surgeon of Chicago, says: "I wish to congratulate you on the splendid reunion services for the Lætare Medalists, and also to congratulate you on the scope of the work you are performing at Notre Dame, the completeness of your equipment, and the thoroughness of your education." Dr. Murphy's presence at the Jubilee exercises was one of the most pleasant features of the celebration.

—Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley, of the staff of the New York *Sun*, has earned a very enviable place among the great newspaper men of America. His friends at Notre Dame, and that means everyone who knew him, will be glad to read this extract from the *Scrap Book* for June, 1908.

Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor of the New York *Evening Journal*, was addressing several hundred theatrical men and journalists at a dinner given by the Friars, in New York, a few weeks ago. He was speaking of the work still being done by men like Edison and Tolstoy, who are no longer young. Suddenly he said: "Who do you think is the best newspaper-writer to-day?" From many throats came the answer, "You are!" "No," said Mr. Brisbane, "I am not; though I wish I were. The best newspaperman I know is Frank O'Malley, of the *Sun*, and he's sitting right over there, taking notes of what we are saying."

The diners cheered, and the blushing O'Malley made an acknowledgment.

Mr. O'Malley has been a newspaper-writer only for two years. Before that he was an illustrator. He was born at Pittston, Pennsylvania, November 30, 1876. Studied for a time at the University of Notre Dame, took work in several schools of art. Mr. Brisbane has further said of his present work: "There is no man writing for the press to-day with ability approaching his to take hold of a wholly uninteresting 'story' and make it interesting from the opening sentence to the last."

Local Items.

—The Indiana Railroad Commissioners of the American Association of Buyers and Shippers visited the University last Thursday.

—Last Thursday the Philopatrians had their annual outing at St. Joseph, Mich. The day was spent in sight-seeing and pleasant amusements.

—Last Sunday evening the band, under the leadership of Professor Petersen, gave a concert before the students and faculty assembled in front of the Main Building.

—During the game between the faculty and Varsity last Saturday the new athletic pennant floated to the breeze for the second time. It presents an attractive appearance whether seen from near or far.

—The preparatory school closes to-day, the examinations in the colleges being deferred until Monday and Tuesday. A large number of the old boys are expected here for the organization of the Alumni Association which is to take place Wednesday, June 17.

—Last week we failed to record the fact that on May 29 Mr. W. Lennartz, our Peace Association orator, spoke before the united societies of Goshen College at Goshen. He was the guest of the President of the College. The excellent showing which he made in the interstate contest was the direct reason for this later recognition of his ability as an orator.

—There were thirty-one participants in the class oratorical contests which were held last week. Next year a still larger number will probably compete, since the contests will take place earlier and will serve the purpose of preliminary trials for the Varsity contest which takes place the first week of December. It is probable also that the length of the orations will be limited to twelve minutes.

—Last Monday the members of St. Edward's Hall enjoyed the delights of a picnic. From morning till evening they played ball, climbed the trees, waded in the waters of the state ditch, and devoured ice-cream and lemonade to their heart's content. Picnic day is one of the greatest days in the whole calendar, judged from the Minim's point of view; and for that matter, it is a great day for invited guests too.

—The Notre Dame Club idea is growing rapidly. Already there is a large number of organizations of the kind throughout the country. In Chicago and South Bend the method of organization is somewhat different from the method adopted elsewhere. In these two cases the club depends for its guidance not upon regular officers, for none

were elected, but upon a standing committee which looks after all the business of the club. The South Bend Club was instituted last Sunday afternoon.

—Judge Skelton of Fort Wayne, senior vice-commander of the G. A. R., submitted his annual report for publication three weeks ago, and has the following to say of his visit to Notre Dame:

“I visited Notre Dame Post No. 569, a number of comrades of Auten Post acting as an escort. We were cordially welcomed and shown a great many relics and paintings of the civil war, and in all it was a very pleasant visit, and I shall always hold in kind remembrance the many courtesies shown me by these two Posts of the G. A. R.”

—John Deiner, Clarence May and Frank Cull have plunged into politics. A week ago they attended a local convention for the selection of a delegate to the convention which was held at Plymouth last Tuesday. They stormed the convention, aided by their colleagues, and secured the offices. Clarence was chosen president of the meeting, and John was selected to be the delegate with Frank as alternate. There were difficulties, however, and some irregularities in the organization effected, and as a result the delegate sent by a rival meeting was finally seated in the convention at Plymouth.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society purchased for the use of its members the following of Bishop Spalding's books: Education and the Higher Life, Means and Ends of Education, Things of the Mind, Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education, Opportunity and Other Essays, Aphorisms and Reflections. Fourteen of the members read at least one of these books and several read more than one. Mr. Malachy D. Clark was the most constant reader, having finished five of the volumes. Malachy is but seventeen years of age, and is a freshman in the law course.

—The annual prize contest in military drill in St. Edward's Hall was held last Sunday evening. The President of the University, the members of the faculty, representatives from among the students of the various halls, and invited guests, were present to lend dignity to the occasion. The play-hall, in which the contest took place, was gaily decorated with flags, banners and bunting. Two gold medals, donated by Mrs. H. Mills and Mrs. B. H. Larkin, were awarded, the first medal to the most proficient officer of the company, the second to the private best skilled in the manual of arms. The judges were from the Indiana state militia, and awarded the officers' medal to William Bensberg, the medal for the best skilled private to John Comerford.